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DIGITAL
EDITION

SEAN
LEWIS

THOMAS
NACHLIK

KING SPAWN®



Thomas Nachlik

KING SPAWN®

30
EST. 1992
image

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EDITION

SEAN
LEWIS

THOMAS
NACHLIK



KING SPAWN®



SCRIPT/PLOT

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TODD McFARLANE ADDITIONAL SCRIPT

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SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

PREVIOUSLY IN KING SPAWN

The GODTHRONE may be destroyed, but Spawn has taken the crown and his place as ruler. Black Azrael has been banished to Heaven and the Court of Priests are now under Al's command.

IT'S TIME.

TIME TO SHOW THEM
WHAT **HAPPENS** IF I
OPEN ANY ONE OF THE
"**DEAD ZONES**".

PORTALS THAT WERE USED BY
HEAVEN AND HELL TO PLACE THEIR
SOLDIERS ON EARTH WHENEVER
THEY WANTED. IT HAD BEEN
HAPPENING LIKE THAT FOR AS
LONG AS ANYONE CAN REMEMBER.

THEN I LOCKED THEM. THOSE
TRAPPED ON EARTH I'VE
BEEN HUNTING EVER SINCE.
AND THESE COURT OF
PRIEST'S WARRIORS, THEY ALL
SACRIFICED THEMSELVES
HOPING TO HEAR ME SAY...

I'LL
OPEN
THEM!

I'VE GOT
NO CHOICE,
BECAUSE
NOW...

NOW, MY WIFE'S
SOUL IS AT STAKE.



BUT FIRST--I
NEED TO KNOW IF
THEY'RE LYING!

I KNEW
YOU WOULD DO
THE RIGHT THING, AL.
YOU'VE ALWAYS
BEEN...



CALL
ME KING.
AND BRING ME
WANDA'S BODY
FROM THE
GREEN.



YES - -
OF COURSE,
MY LORD. AZRAEL WILL
NEED TO NEGOTIATE WITH
GAIA, FIRST, SO HE CAN
DELIVER YOUR
REQUEST.

WHERE
CAN I FIND
HIM?

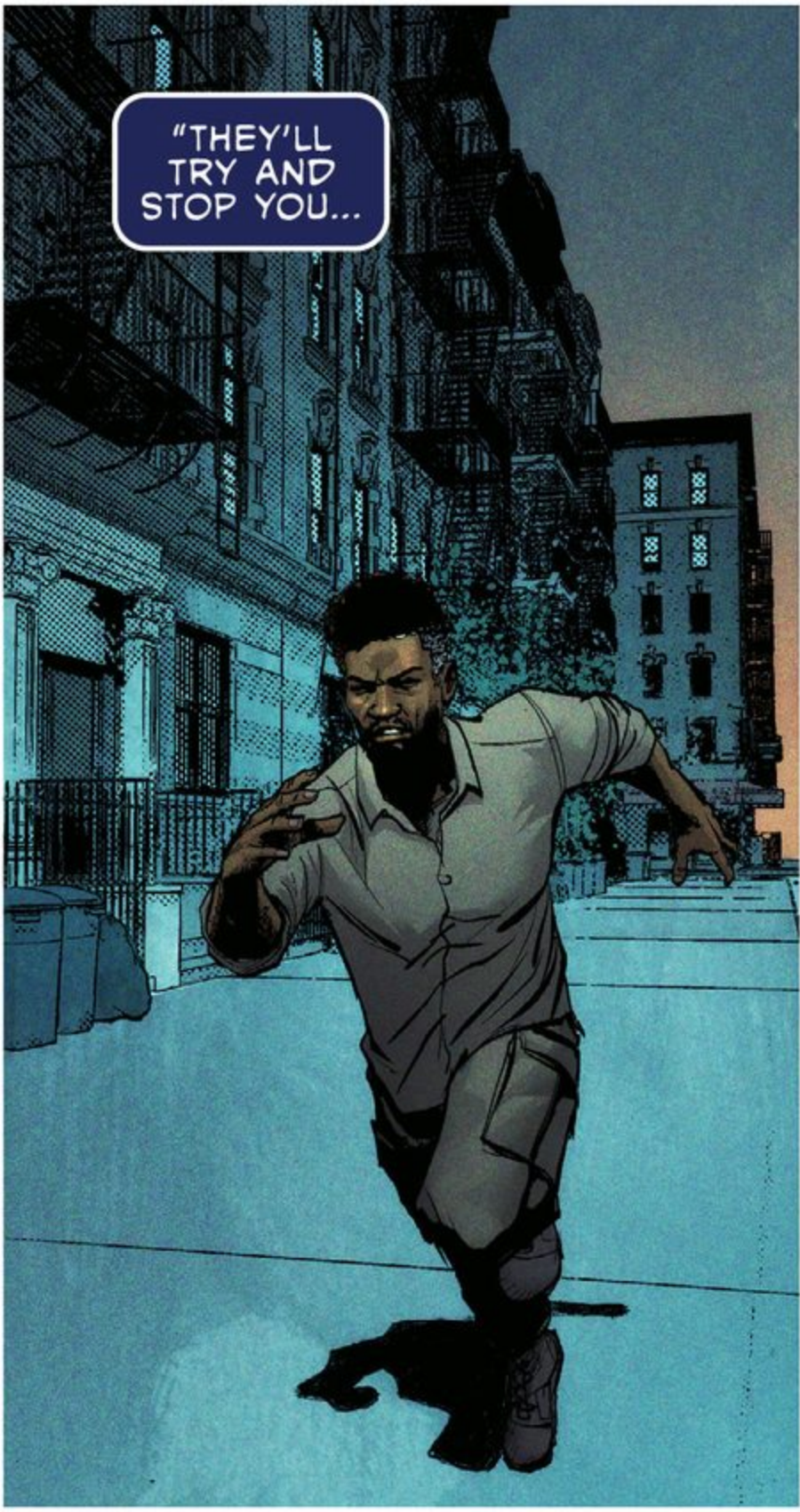


YOU
WON'T. AZRAEL
IS GONE. THIS IS
YOUR JOB NOW.
YOU'LL NEGOTIATE
FOR HER BODY IN
THE WINTERED
GREEN.

IF YOU
VALUE YOUR
HEAD YOU
WON'T FAIL
ME.

WHAT ABOUT
FITZGERALD? HE'S
ON THE RUN, HE'LL
TELL OTHERS.





"THEY'LL TRY AND STOP YOU..."



SPAWN LISTENS TO DISRUPTOR'S WARNING. THINKS FOR A MOMENT. THEN, SIMPLY SMILES.



TERRY FITZGERALD IS THE LEAST OF HIS PROBLEMS.

"...AND TERRY TOLD ME HE HAD A DREAM. HE SAID HE SAW YOU—"



"SAW YOU BUTCHER HIS CHILDREN. CUT OFF THEIR LIMBS AND BURN THEM."



HE WAS MISTAKEN.
IT'LL BE MUCH WORSE THAN THAT.

CHESS.

AS A BOY, I PLAYED IT WITH MY GRANDFATHER HUNDREDS OF TIMES. IT TAUGHT ME TO THINK. TO BE PATIENT. AND, AT TIMES TO LET YOUR OPPONENT THINK THEY ARE WINNING, UNTIL YOU SHOW THEM YOU WERE SIMPLY SETTING A TRAP.

SINCE BECOMING SPAWN, I'VE BEEN DOING THE SAME THING. MOVING PEOPLE INTO PLACES BY FORCE. BY TRICKERY. BY TELLING THEM WHATEVER THEY WANTED TO HEAR.

MY SUPERIOR FOR A TIME, JASON WYNN, HAD ME SHOT IN THE WILDS OF BOTSWANA, THEN BURNED ME ALIVE. FROM THAT MOMENT ON I'VE BEEN PLAYING NOT AN OPPONENT BUT A THING! A THING CALLED 'EVIL'.

I'VE GONE AGAINST ITS PAWNS.

ITS BISHOPS.

KNIGHTS.

AND ROOK. BUT NOW I HAVE A CHANCE TO BRING BACK MY QUEEN.



MEANWHILE, IN THE DARK MARSHES OF NEW JERSEY'S GREAT SWAMP, **ORDEAL**, A MINION SENT BY THE CREATURE CALLED **NIGHTMARE SPAWN**, WONDERS PURPOSEFULLY THROUGH THE AGING WOODS.

ITS LABORED BREATHING SOUNDING LIKE RUSHING WIND.

SHOW YOURSELF!

I'M NOT HERE TO PLAY YOUR GAMES.

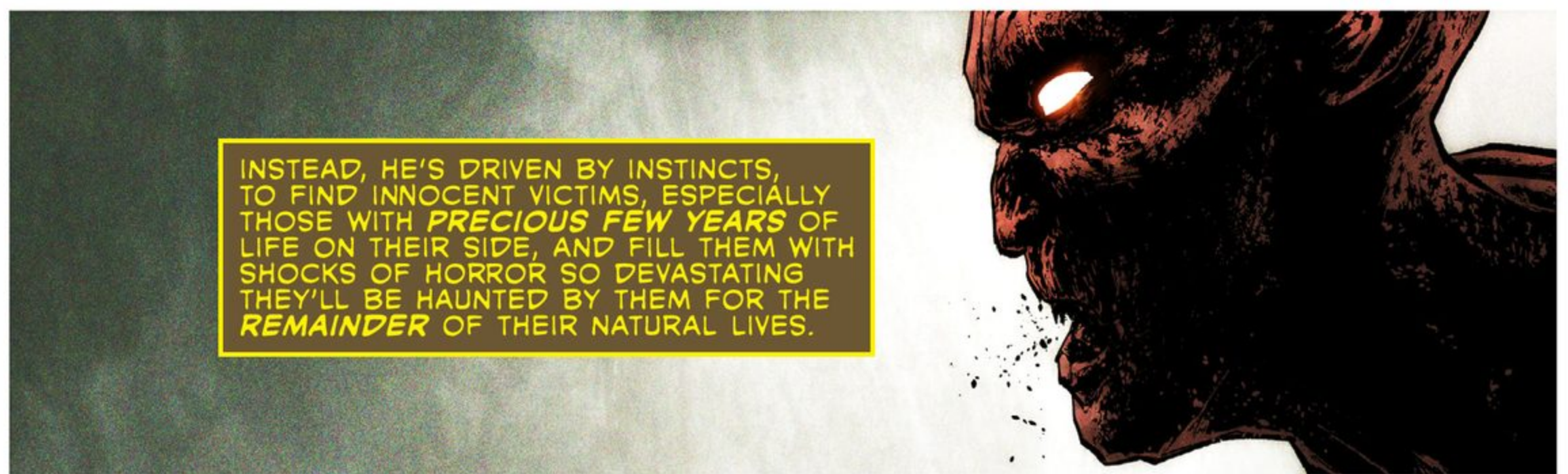


I DON'T WANT YOU TO PLAY.





THE YOUNG VOICE IS **KOMOX THE HERO**. A GOD-LIKE BEAST WHO HAS BONDED WITH THIS CHILD. THOUGH ORDEAL IS UNAWARE OF THAT VITAL INFORMATION.



INSTEAD, HE'S DRIVEN BY INSTINCTS, TO FIND INNOCENT VICTIMS, ESPECIALLY THOSE WITH **PRECIOUS FEW YEARS** OF LIFE ON THEIR SIDE, AND FILL THEM WITH SHOCKS OF HORROR SO DEVASTATING THEY'LL BE HAUNTED BY THEM FOR THE **REMAINDER** OF THEIR NATURAL LIVES.



ORDEAL IS CONFUSED. WHY IS THIS LITTLE ONE NOT AFRAID?!



AS THE CHILD SWINGS
HIS ARM IN RAGE, SO
TOO DOES **KOMOX**, THE
CHILD'S PROTECTOR!

IT MIMICS THE CHILD'S EVERY MOVE
WHILE ADDING BATTERING ASSAULTS
OF ITS OWN. DOES THAT MAKE THIS
HERO A PUPPET OR A SERVANT?

TIME WILL TELL. FOR NOW,
ALL THAT'S KNOWN IS HE
AND THE BOY ARE **ONE**.

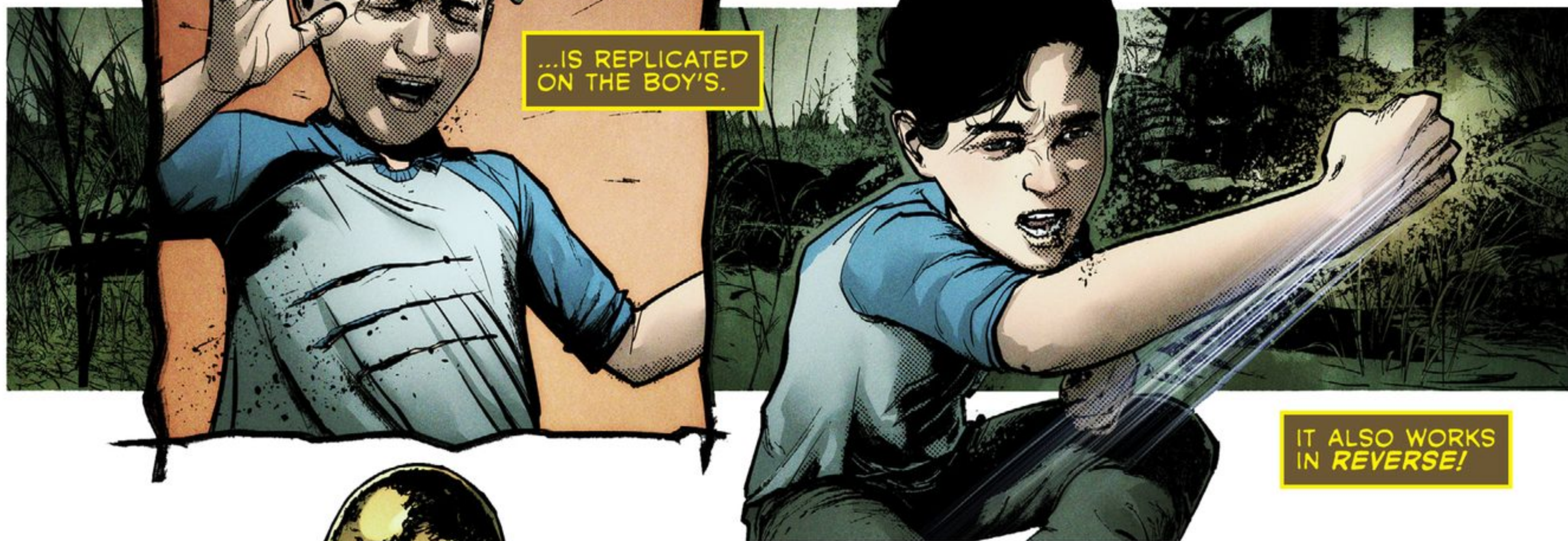
AND ANY THREATS
WILL BE HANDLED
ACCORDINGLY.





I'M HERE
FOR **THE BOY!** I HAVE
FREE REIGN, MY MASTER SAID,
OVER ANYONE WHO IMPEDES
THAT MISSION.

WHAT THIS HELLISH
BEING WASN'T
PREPARED FOR IS
THAT EVERY WOUND
HE INFLECTS ON
KOMOX'S BODY...



...IS REPLICATED
ON THE BOY'S.

IT ALSO WORKS
IN **REVERSE!**



BWAP

THEIR BOND AND
TRANSFORMATION FAR
FROM COMPLETE
MEANS THE BOY AND
KOMOX WILL BATTLE
AND BLEED TOGETHER.



STOP!

YOU'RE
BOTH HERE
SO WE CAN TALK
ABOUT *KING*
SPAWN!

WHO?!

FROM THE SHADOWS, IT COMES.
THE VOICE OF AN UNLIKELY ALLY.
BUT WHO? IT'S SOMEONE WHO
KNOWS THE RULES OF THIS GAME
AND ITS POLITICS: STAY HIDDEN.
GATHER ALLIES. STRIKE. THESE
ARE THE TENANTS OF WAR.

REMAIN DEEP IN THE SHADOWS UNTIL
YOU CAN SNUFF OUT ANY LIGHT THAT
MIGHT EXPOSE YOU -- THEN JOIN
YOUR ENEMIES WHEN YOU'VE THRUST
THEM INTO DARKNESS.

AT WHICH POINT
YOU TELL THEM
A SOULLESS
WAR IS COMING!

A large, dramatic illustration of Spawn, a character with a red and black suit and a long, flowing red cape, perched on a rooftop. He is looking down at the city of New York, which is visible in the background with its tall buildings and a hazy, orange-tinted sky. A single black bird is seen flying in the upper right corner of the sky.

POTENTIAL RAINCLOUDS
RUMBLE IN THE
DISTANCE, A SIGN
OF WHAT'S COMING.

JUST AS A DARK, CLOAKED SPECTER,
SURVEYING NEW YORK'S DENIZENS
BELOW, IS ABOUT TO UNLEASH
UNGODLY FORCES AGAINST HUMANITY!

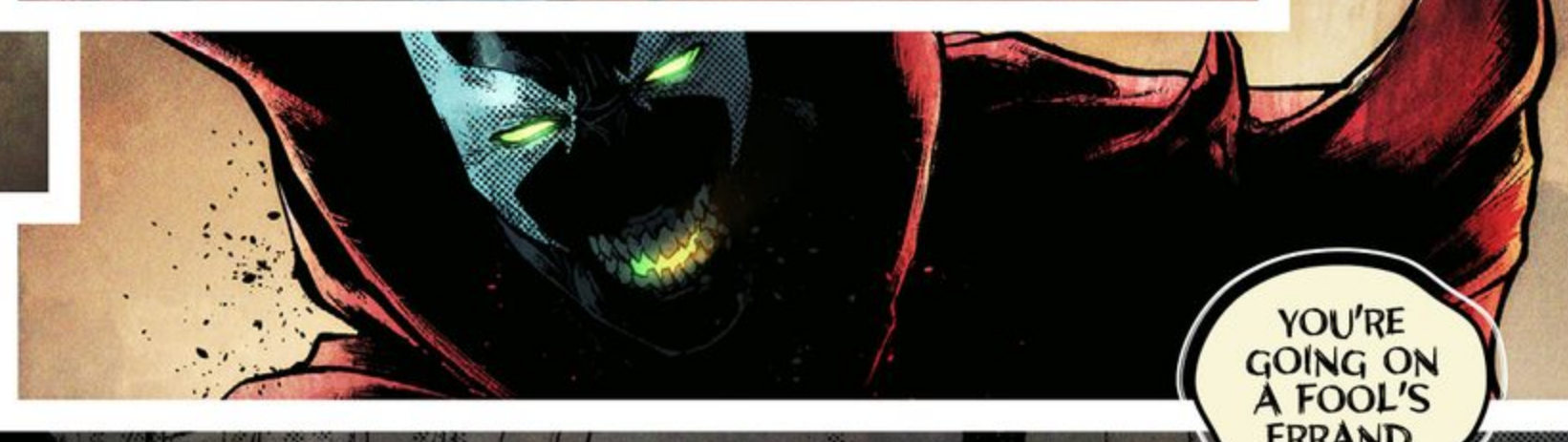
BECAUSE EVERY SINGLE
ENEMY HE HAS, WILL WANT
TO TAKE SPAWN'S PLACE OF
POWER, HERE ON EARTH, IF
HE'S EXILED BACK TO HELL.

A close-up panel showing Spawn's gloved hand holding a black bird, likely a crow or raven. The bird is perched on his hand, and its wings are slightly spread. The background is a hazy, orange-tinted sky.

SOME HAVING,
ALREADY, SET
THINGS IN MOTION.

A large panel showing Spawn's gloved hand holding a black bird, which is perched on his hand. The bird is looking towards the viewer, and its wings are slightly spread. The background is a hazy, orange-tinted sky.

SPAWN, KNOWING, THE
EXISTENCE OF THIS
HELL-BORN BLACKBIRD
IS A BAD OMEN.

A close-up panel showing Spawn's face, which is a white mask with a wide, toothy grin and glowing yellow eyes. He is looking directly at the viewer.

YOU'RE
GOING ON
A FOOL'S
ERRAND.



AND THEY'LL
NEVER LET
YOU RETURN
FROM IT.

BETWEEN PATCHES OF SPACE,
BETWEEN THE BODIES OF A
HUNDRED MORE SUCH BIRDS,
FLYING IN SPAWN'S DIRECTION,
OUR HERO GLIMPSES...

RAVEN SPAWN.

A DEATH KNIGHT
OF MALEBOGLIA'S
SOUTHERN-MOST ARMY.

IT APPEARS NEWS
OF SPAWN'S ACTIONS
HAS TRAVELLED FAST.



RAVEN!

DON'T
INTERFERE --
NOT NOW! IT
ISN'T YOUR
TIME!

MY
TIME?!

I DON'T
SERVE YOU! NONE
OF THE HELLSPAWN DO --
OR HAS YOUR ARROGANCE
BLINDED YOU TO
THAT REALITY?

IT WON'T BE
ME, IT'LL BE **EVERY**
HELLSPAWN, IF YOU OPEN
THE PORTALS, THAT'LL COME
FOR YOU! BECAUSE IT'LL
IMPACT EVERY SPAWN NOW
ON EARTH. ALL OF US WILL
FEEL IT IMMEDIATELY. DO
YOU **UNDERSTAND**
THAT?



YOU TRY TAKING
OVER THE MANTLE OF HELL --
IT'LL CORRUPT YOU! FORCE
YOU TO DESTROY EVERYTHING! YOU CAN
TRY DENYING THAT, THINKING YOU'RE
SOMEHOW SUPERIOR, BUT THAT'S
HOW IT WORKS! IT'S HOW IT'S
ALWAYS WORKED!

NONE OF US
ARE STRONG ENOUGH
TO RESIST IT NOT EVEN
YOU, SIMMONS!

AND IF YOU
THINK SOME LOW-LEVEL
COURT OF PRIEST UNDERLING IS
GOING TO HELP YOU, THEN
YOU'RE **TOO FAR GONE**
FOR ANY HELP!





"BESIDES, YOU NEEDN'T
WORRY ABOUT THAT
TRAITOR ZAB OR HIS
IMPOTENT POWERS."



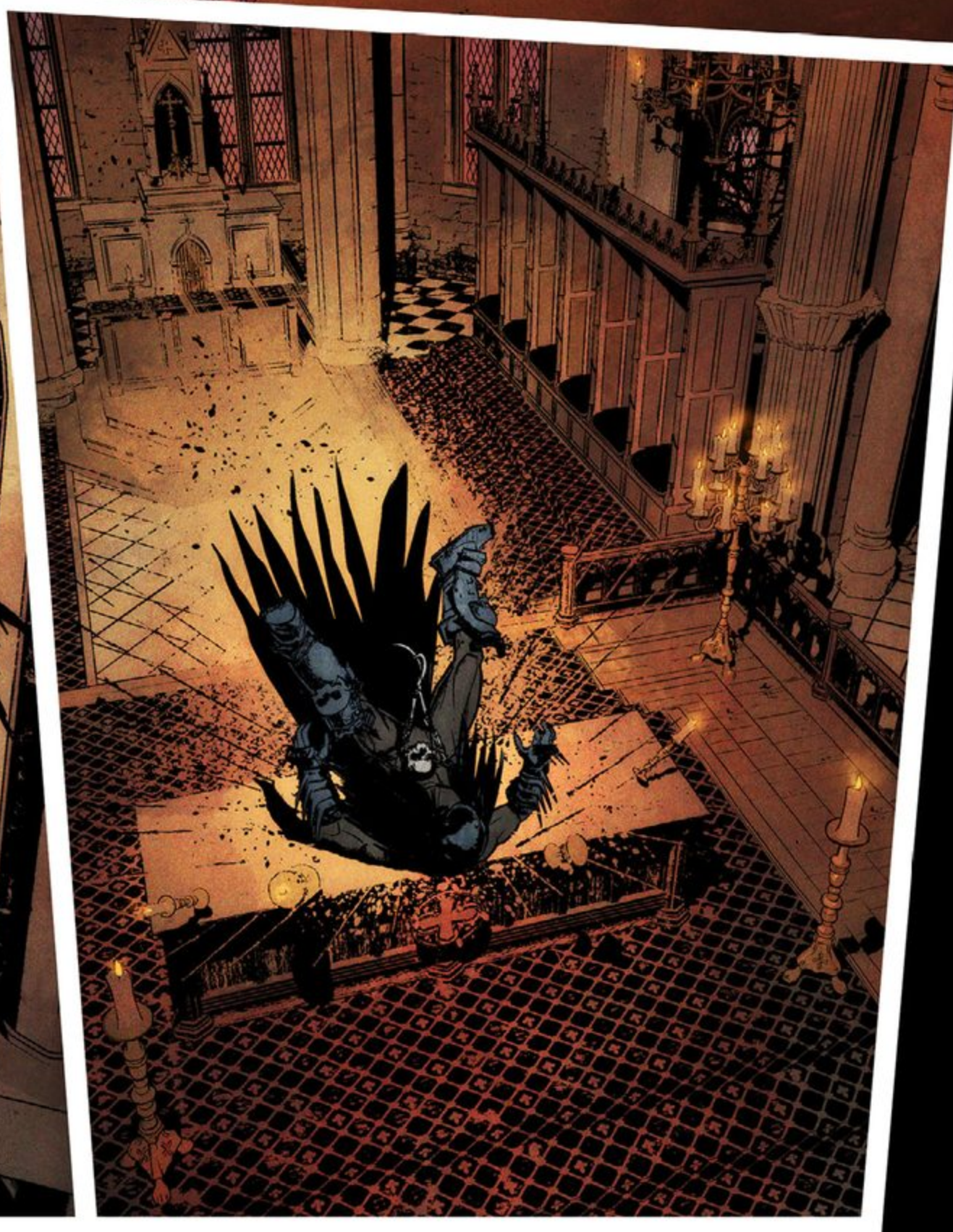
"WE WANT HIM, AND HIS
KIND, TO KNOW HOW
MUCH WE *DISAPPROVE*
OF THEM GETTING
INVOLVED IN ANY OF THIS."



"WE'RE SURE
THEY'LL GET
THE MESSAGE."



"ONE OF MY
FLOCK HAS
GONE TO PAY
HIM A VISIT."



OLD SAINT
PATRICK'S
CATHEDRAL.

AS RAVEN STRUGGLES TO
MOVE, HE REALIZES IT'S NOT
THE PORTALS OPENING HE
SHOULD FEAR MOST, IT'S THE
MAN CAPABLE OF **CLOSING**
THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE!

AND IT'S NOT A CROWN THEY
SHOULD BE AFRAID OF... IT'S
THE MAN WHO WEARS IT.

THEY TOOK
SOMETHING FROM ME! I
INTEND ON **GETTING IT BACK!** SO,
SEND AS MANY HELLSPAWNS, DEMONS
OR ANGELS YOU NEED TO. I'M NOT
HIDING, I'LL BE WHERE THEY
CAN FIND ME.

BUT TELL
THEM... IF THEY DON'T
KILL ME THE FIRST
TIME THEY TRY,

I'LL
LITERALLY
WIPE THEM FROM
EXISTENCE!



LIKE A VAMPIRE
RISING FROM
THE DEAD, RAVEN
SPAWN GETS TO
HIS FEET..



YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
CALLED, BEHIND YOUR
BACK? IT'S NOT
KING SPAWN.

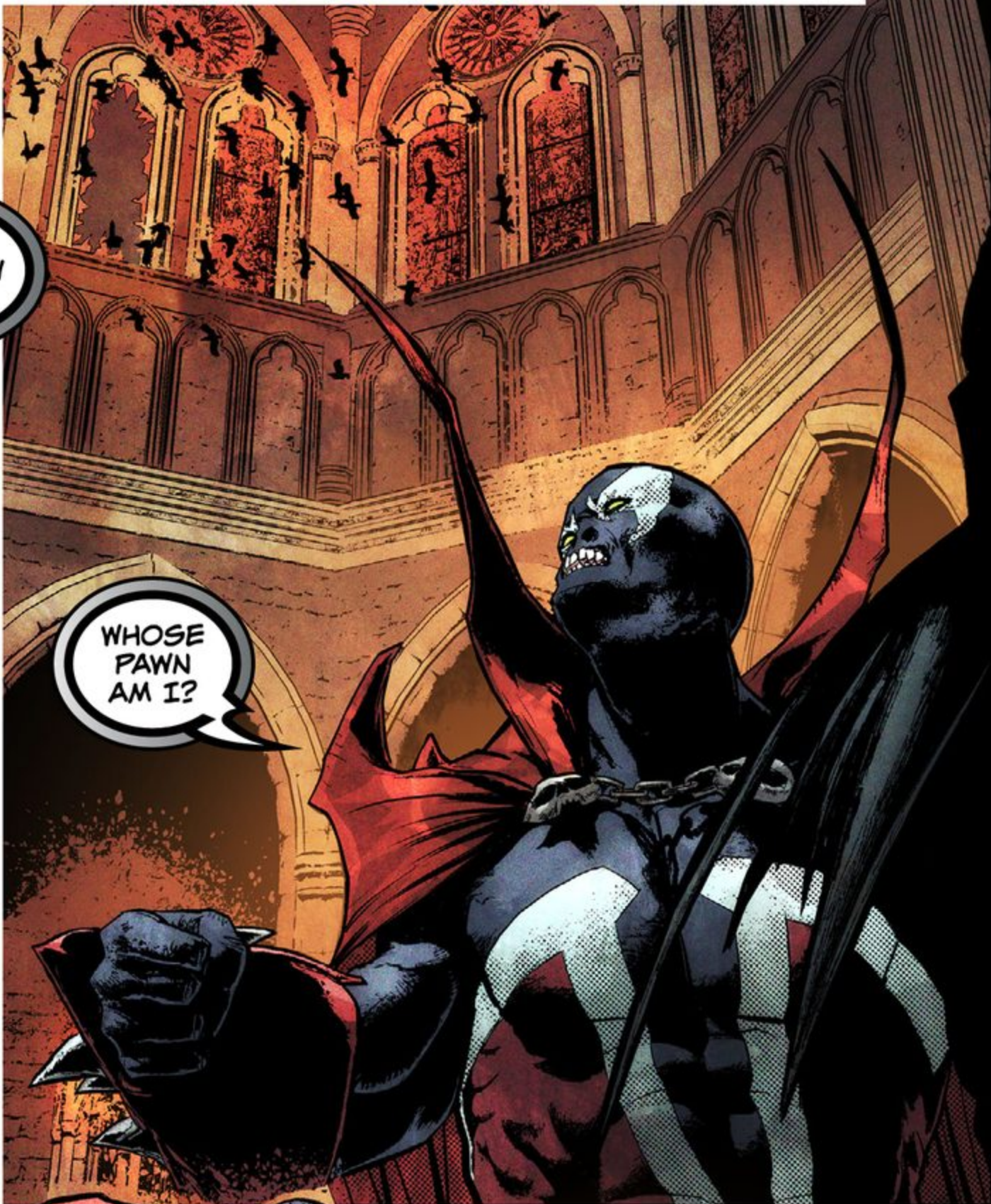
THEY
SAY YOU'RE
THE KING'S
PAWN.



WHAT
KING?

IT'S
PATHETIC
HOW EASY YOU
MADE IT FOR
THEM.

WHO'S
THIS NEW
KING?!!



WHOSE
PAWN
AM I?



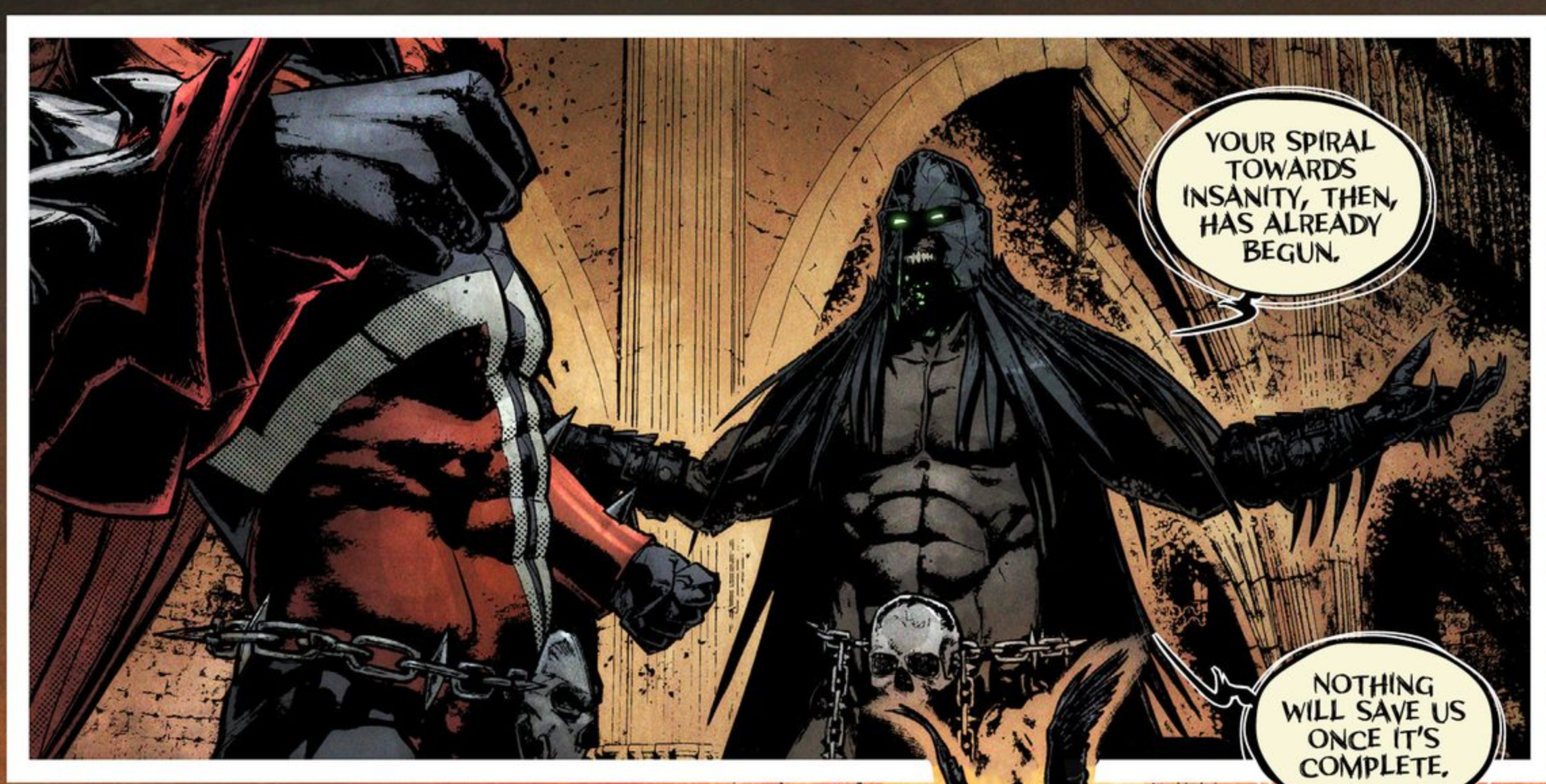
ANSWER
ME!!



YOU
HONESTLY DON'T
KNOW?

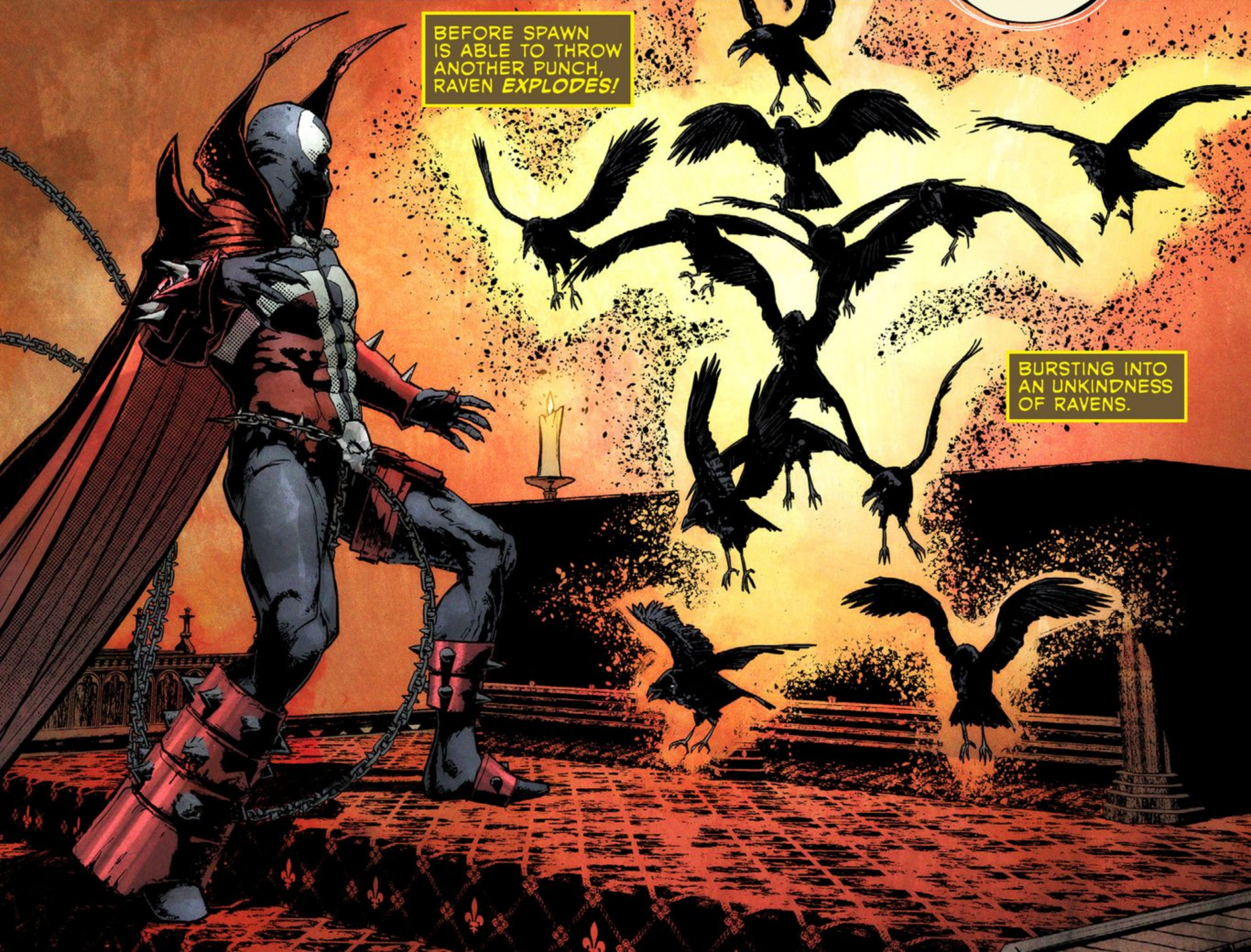
I SAID,
TELL ME!

THEN
THEY'VE
ALREADY
WON.



YOUR SPIRAL
TOWARDS
INSANITY, THEN,
HAS ALREADY
BEGUN.

NOTHING
WILL SAVE US
ONCE IT'S
COMPLETE.



BEFORE SPAWN
IS ABLE TO THROW
ANOTHER PUNCH,
RAVEN **EXPLODES!**

BURSTING INTO
AN UNKINDNESS
OF RAVENS.

AS THEY START THEIR
ASSENT, THEIR CACKLES
RISE IN VOLUME --
TURNING NEXT INTO A
SIREN OF SCREECHES.

HUMAN
SCREECHES!

ALL HAIL
THE KING'S
PAWN!!

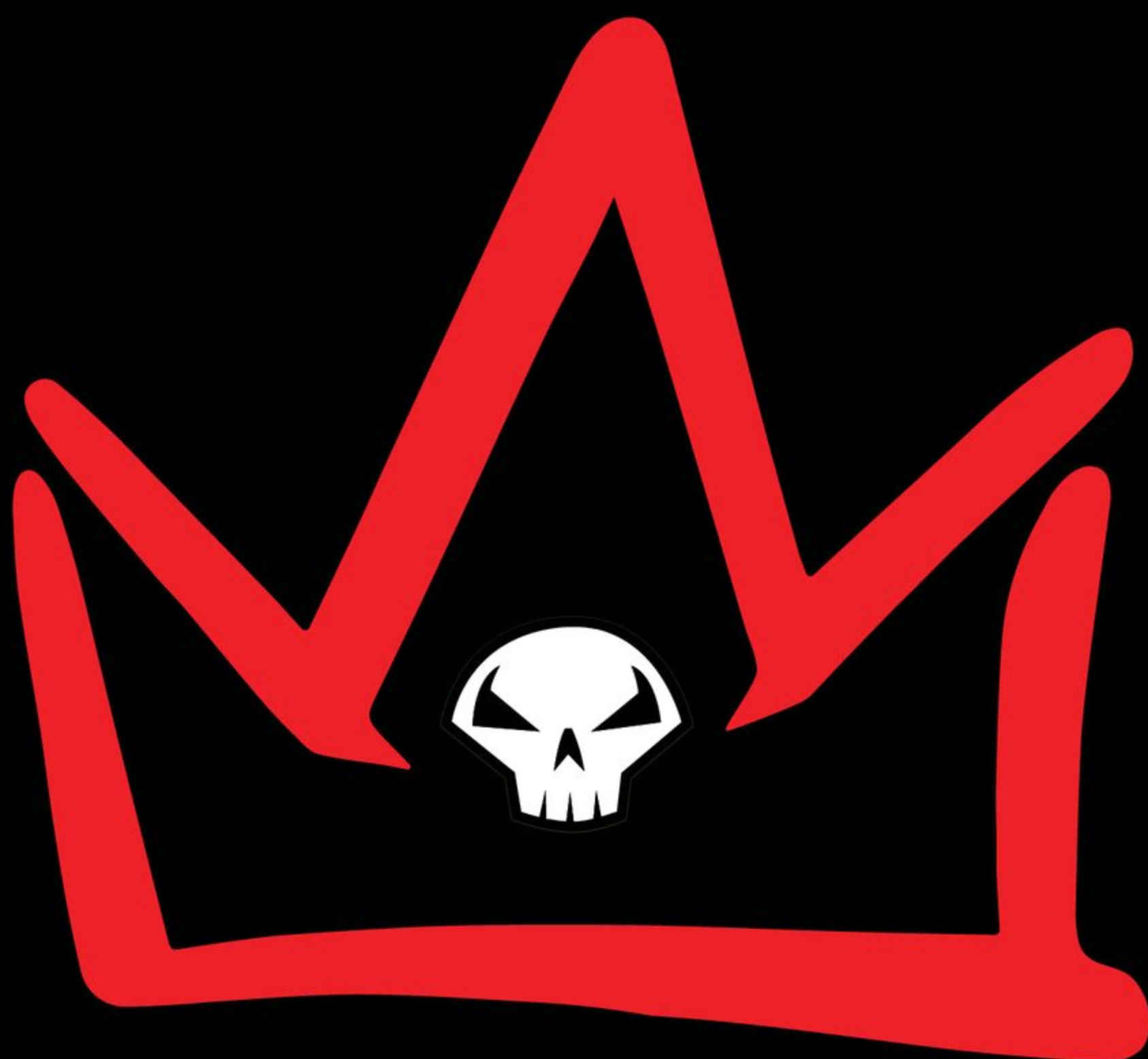
THEIR TAUNTS, THOUGH,
ONLY FURTHER INFLAME
AL SIMMONS. IF THIS IS
SOME SORT OF HELLISH
GAME OF CHESS -- HE
PLANS ON WINNING!

ALL
HAIL!

HAIL
THE KING'S
PAWN.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER HE'S
GETTING HIS QUEEN! HE'S
BRINGING WANDA BACK!

AND NO MAN, DEVIL
OR SPAWN WILL BE
ABLE TO STOP HIM.

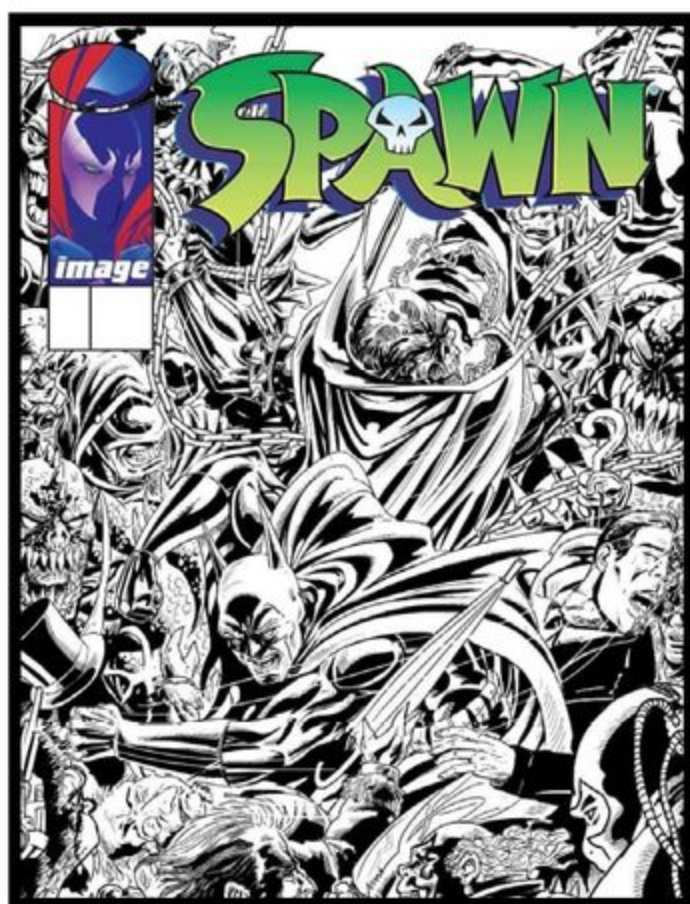
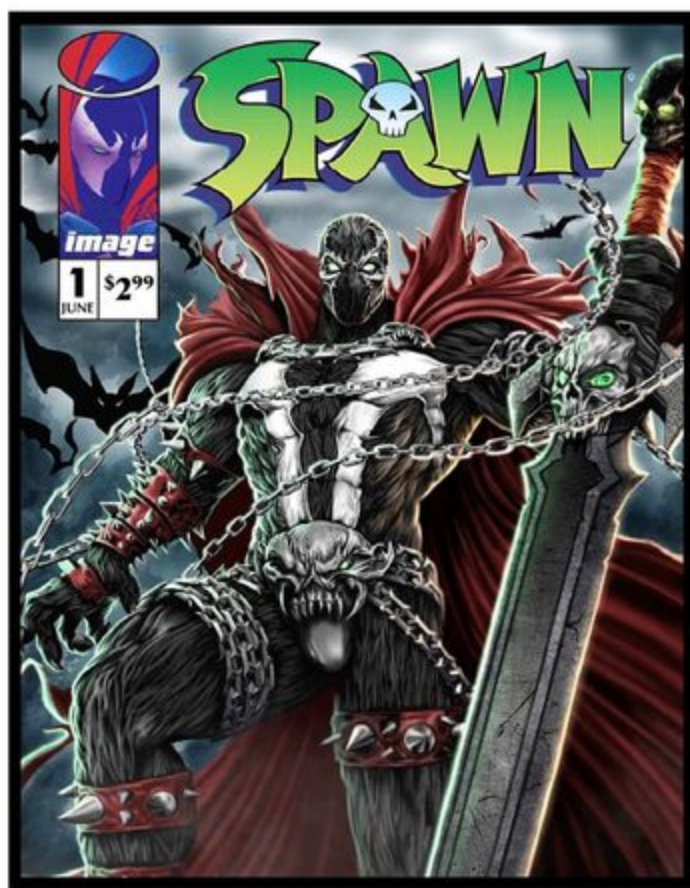


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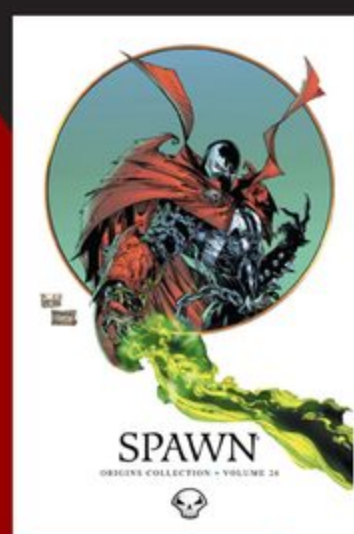
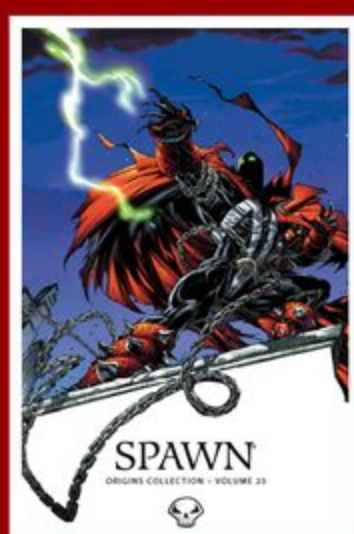
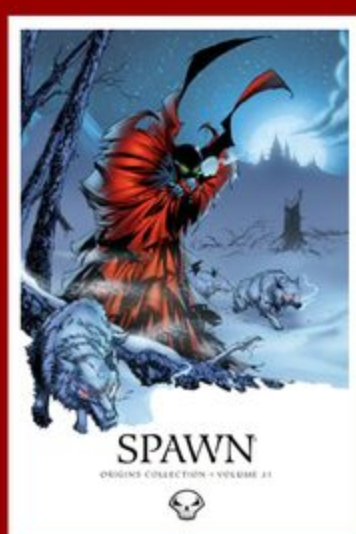
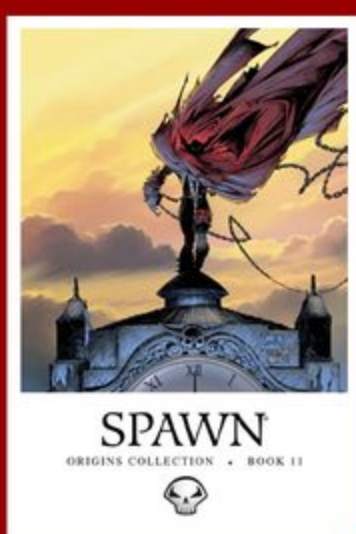
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